

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 20

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 17, 1918

## A Boy's Wish.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

I'D like to be as great a man as was George Washington,  
And serve the people and the state as well as  
he has done;  
But when I told some other boys they said  
it wasn't meant  
For blacksmiths' sons (and then they laughed)  
to aim for President.

But Father says that's not the point! My  
business is to start  
And aim to be like Washington, who had so  
great a heart  
That being President was less, Dad says,  
though fame was won,  
Than being such a noble man as was our  
Washington.

## The Storming of Fort Hill.

IT WAS snowing hard, and the Band  
stared sadly out of the windows. They  
had planned to celebrate Washington's  
Birthday by skating. Now the skating  
was spoiled and, worst of all, the Cap-  
tain had not come home from the office  
as he had hoped to do. It looked like a  
wasted holiday. Suddenly from the white  
swirl sounded the call of the cardinal gros-  
beak.

"It's the Captain," shouted Trottie  
and the Third.

"It's Fathy," squealed Honey and Henny-  
Penny and Alice-Palace.

Sure enough, in another minute the  
Captain came stamping in covered with  
snow.

"Comrades," he said impressively, wind-  
ing a bandanna around his neck, "we at-  
tack Fort Hill at sunset. If there be any  
here who for the sake of their wives and  
families wish to draw back, now is the time."

"I haven't got any wife," piped up Hen-  
ny-Penny, "nor any family 'cept this one.  
But I want to come."

The rest of the Band followed his lead.  
Not one of them drew back. The Captain  
said it made the blood run faster in his  
shriveled old veins to have such gallant  
comrades.

"To horse," he shouted a minute later,  
grabbing a six-foot sled and shooting off  
across the icy lawn. The rest of the Band  
followed him whoopingly on sleds of all  
sizes and colors. Down the slope they  
sped into the winding driveway and fol-  
lowed its turns until they shot one after  
another out of the stone gate and stopped  
in the sunken lane which ran past Went-  
worth Farm. As they plodded through the  
stinging snow, a bird dived into a patch of  
bushes directly ahead.

"A cardinal," said Trottie, the bird-  
expert, "I saw the color."

The rest of the Band doubted, but a few  
steps farther on and they all saw his blood-  
red crest against the white and green of a  
snow-covered cedar and heard his loud  
whistle. Farther on a little gray and black

bird flitted along the roadside which even  
Alice-Palace recognized by the flash of its  
snowy white tail-feathers.

"It's a bunco," she called out loudly.

"Junco, you mean," said her twin, Henny-  
Penny, and there followed an argument  
which lasted until they reached old Tory  
Bridge. One of Washington's scouts had  
once hidden under it when pursued by a  
Tory troop, gripping his horse's muzzle  
firmly lest it should neigh as the enemy's  
horsemen thundered above him. Beyond  
the bridge a flock of purple-black birds flew  
up with creaking calls from the neighboring  
meadow, circled once among the snow-  
flakes and disappeared over the next hill.

"Purple grackles," shouted Trottie and  
the Third.

"Purply crackles," piped up Alice-Palace  
after the rest,—"cause they make a crack-  
ling noise," she explained.

"It's a record," said Trottie. "We got  
them on March first last year." And down  
went the crackling grackles on the year's  
bird-list.

At the very crest of the hill the Captain  
halted the Band. To the left a long meadow  
sloped away to the valley below almost lost  
to sight in the snow flurries. Without a  
word the Captain climbed the ice-covered  
rail fence, dragging his long sled behind him,  
followed by the Band.

"Beyond that oak-tree down the meadow  
is Fort Hill," he said. "No one has ever  
tried coasting down it. Comrades Henry  
and Alice are to stop at the tree, and Trottie  
and Honey are not to do any racing. Fol-  
low me," he finished, "and don't fall off."

The sleds sped through the frozen grass  
and ice-covered weeds, which snapped and  
broke and tinkled like glass. Gradually the

pace became swifter. Just beyond the oak-  
tree the Captain, who was leading, disap-  
peared over the edge of what seemed to his  
startled eyes a precipice. Then he struck  
a pile of snow-covered cornstalks and sailed  
out into the air. He clung to his spirited  
steed with a death-grip and struck ground  
again some ten yards further on with a  
grunt.

By this time his sled, although ordinarily  
well-broken, was excited beyond control.  
It shot down the icy hill with a crash that  
sounded like a bullet going through a dozen  
window-panes. The sharp fragments from  
the ice-covered grass cut into the Captain's  
face like hail. In an instant with one last  
flying leap his sled was speeding like a bullet  
across the flat toward a stone wall. It  
was impossible to turn the bolting sled on  
the ice without skidding. Suddenly, just  
as the wall loomed up dead ahead, the sled  
struck a stretch of drifted snow, and the  
Captain made a sharp curve and came to  
a stop just in time to watch the rest of the  
Band take the hill.

First came the Third. He leaped over  
the edge like a startled chamois with a  
loud squeal when he saw what was in front  
of him. The pile of cornstalks he missed  
by a hair's breadth. Gaining control of  
his sled far more quickly than his leader  
had done he went whizzing safely by, kick-  
ing his legs insultingly in the air as he passed.

Then came Trottie and Honey, dis-  
obediently racing as usual. They had been  
running into each other and jockeying for  
position all the way down the meadow.  
All bickerings stopped at the edge of the  
precipice.

"Gee!" they both howled in terror as  
they shot out into the atmosphere. Honey



THE LONG WAY BACK.



followed the Third's safe track. Trottie, however, struck the cornstalk pile full and fair. He seemed to Honey to soar into the air like a swallow, and then went whizzing down the descent. As he saw the stone wall in front he gave a yell that sounded like a siren-whistle, but just then he struck the saving stretch of soft snow, and amid a spindrift of frozen flakes whirled gaspingly to where the Captain's craft lay at anchor.

Then two little round heads peered over the edge of the slope. It was Alice-Palace and Henny-Penny who had obediently stopped at the oak-tree.

"There's a little weeny bird up here," Alice shrieked down to them. Through the flakes flew a tiny bird.

"See-see-see," it called in a tiny high-pitched note.

"Golden-crowned kinglet!" shouted Trottie exultingly, and so it was.

Slowly they climbed the long slope down which they had flashed a few minutes before. As they reached the top of the hill, suddenly the sky all around them grew pink, the snowflakes stopped falling, and in the west gleamed a heart of glowing, shifting flame. The sky to each side brightened into pale gold. The silver bars of the ice-covered branches could not keep back the glory that streamed from the sunset. The caw of a passing crow came down from the cold sky and brought the bird-list up to five.

Up the slope the Captain dragged the two littlest members of the Band. Then they all got on their sleds and pretended that it was three hundred years ago when wolves were everywhere. As they sped along they could almost hear the pattering of swift feet and see galloping forms black against the snow. Down the last hill they rushed and whizzed in at the home gate. Across the lawn shone the yellow lamplight of home. Five minutes later the whole Band rushed in the door and all together told Mother of the day's doings.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.,  
in *Sunday School Times*.

### What Katherine Made.

BY EULETA WADSWORTH.

KATHERINE rushed in from school with her cheeks full of excited color. "O Mother," she cried, "I'm so glad I got up early and did my practicing this morning! I'm going to make something now. I can hardly wait. I'll show it to you when it's done." And out she ran into the back yard.

"Hoo, hoo!" she called over the fence. "Hoo, hoo!"

"Hoo, hoo!" came the faint answer in a sweet voice, and Nerina Anconi's dark head appeared at a window. Nerina's father was a singing-teacher, and they had come from Italy only a few months ago to live by the Wilsons. Katherine liked Nerina very much because she was so sweet and gentle.

"Come over, quick, Nerina. I have something for us to make."

"What is it?" asked Nerina, as she squeezed through the place where a board was off the fence.

"The flag," announced Katherine, in a voice of deep reverence.

Nerina looked puzzled.

"Our country's flag, Nerina," explained Katherine. "Don't you know?"

Nerina shook her head. "I'm not American," she said.

"But you want to be one, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! Always, I wish to be one," answered Nerina.

"Come on, then. I'll show you how."

And Katherine led the way to the sand square where they loved to play.

They smoothed a large place on the sand; and then Katherine ran into the house to borrow her mother's yardstick.

"We'll make it a yard long, Nerina," she called as she came running back with the yardstick. Then she measured that length in the sand and drew the mark. "And Miss Ashley said to make it twenty-six inches wide because it has to have thirteen stripes, each one two inches wide."

So Nerina held the yardstick while Katherine counted off twenty-six inches and marked that in the sand.

"My!" exclaimed Katherine, as she surveyed the square she had marked out, "it begins to look like a flag already. Now inside of this one we have to make a small square in the corner. Like this." Katherine marked the small square out with the end of her little drawing-stick.

"Is it done now?" asked Nerina.

"Oh, I should say not. We've only started. Next we have to draw thirteen spaces two inches wide across the big square for the stripes. You hold the ruler, Nerina; I want to get them nice and straight."

When that was done, Katherine jumped up. "Now comes the lovely part," she cried. "We will gather red geraniums to make the red stripes and those tiny white roses that grow on the fence for the white stripes, and the white stars in the corner that stand for the States"—

"States,"—what are those?" interrupted Nerina.

"Why, they are—are places, Nerina. We live in California—that's a State; and Grandmother lives in New York—that's another State; and my Aunt Edith lives in Massachusetts. Do you see? All together there are forty-eight States. Miss Ashley told us at school to-day."

The girls were walking toward the geranium row, and in just a few moments they had gathered their hands full of the bright red clusters. Then they went back to the drawing of the flag in the sand, broke each little blossom off the cluster, and stuck its short stem in the sand. In a little while they had filled the first two-inch space at the bottom of the flag in solid red. It was so lovely, both the girls cried out in delight.

When they had gathered the white Banksia roses, they broke each little rose from the cluster and stuck them into the sand singly as they had the geraniums; and a white stripe was soon finished. Then they made another red stripe and another white one until the whole thirteen were solid flowers.

"I have never seen anything so pretty," cried Nerina, standing back to look at it.

"Neither have I," beamed Katherine. And they began to dance for joy.

"What goes there?" asked Nerina, pointing at the small square in the corner which was not yet filled in.

Katherine's face fell. "O Nerina!" she cried in dismay. "We must have blue flowers for that. Where will we ever find them? The violets—are almost gone. I tried to find some for Miss Ashley this morning, but I got only a few."

"Blue?" asked Nerina. "Is it blue?"

"Yes," answered Katherine, trying to think of all the blue flowers she knew.

"Oh, I know!" shouted Nerina, excitedly. "Come quick. I do not know what you call them." She ran toward the other side of the yard, pulling Katherine by the sleeve, and pointed at the vacant lot next to the Wilson's, where a patch of tall wild lupines grew.

"They're just the right color," cried Katherine, getting over the fence in a jiffy and beginning to gather them.

Of course the lupine flowers are so long, the girls had to break them off near the top; and, as the very tip wasn't so fully bloomed out nor so deep a blue as the rest, they pinched off the top and used the second little cluster of blossoms. And when the square in the corner of the flag was a solid deep blue dotted with forty-eight little white roses to represent the stars on our national flag, the girls clapped their hands for joy.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Nerina, her big brown eyes sparkling. "I love it, I love it!"

"Why, then, Nerina, you are an American," said Katherine. "My uncle Bob says any one who truly loves the flag is a real American."

"I'm glad," said Nerina.

Just then Katherine's mother called her; and Katherine was surprised, when she went in, to find dinner ready. It had taken all the afternoon to make the flag, but it had been so much fun it didn't seem nearly that long. As Katherine sat down, her mother smiled across the table and asked:

"What was it you made this afternoon, dear?"

"Oh, Mother, it was such fun!" answered Katherine. "I made our flag out of flowers. It is beautiful; I want you to see it." Then she thoughtfully unfolded her napkin and added, "And I made an American, too."

### Always Somewhere.

BY N. S. HOAGLAND.

ALWAYS somewhere birds are singing,  
Always somewhere bells are ringing,  
Always somewhere day is breaking,  
Always somewhere life is waking.

Always somewhere eastern skies  
Glow with morning's glad surprise,  
Always somewhere seeing eyes,  
Have the vision of the wise.

Always somewhere sunset's gold  
Robes the day when it is old,  
Always somewhere hearts oppressed,  
Find at night a welcome rest.

Always somewhere light is shed,  
From the kindly stars o'erhead,  
Always does the Perfect Love,  
Shine all other things above.

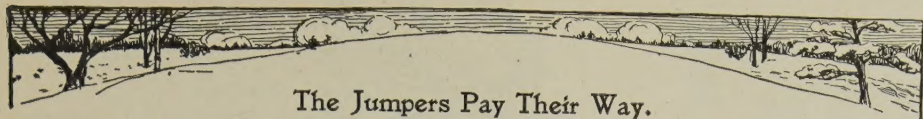
A small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case in the historical museum created especial interest among the visitors. "I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked a girl turning to the guide. "It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."

*The Girls' Circle.*

The block of granite which is an obstacle in the path of the weak is a stepping stone in the path of the strong.

CARLYLE.





## The Jumpers Pay Their Way.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

### Chapter First.

LITTLE Mrs. Jumper gazed at her three children in astonishment. Max looked uneasy, Rose was winking away something that seemed like a tear, and Terry's eyes were two blue question-marks in his small round face. But all three were very much in earnest.

"My dears!" argued Mother. "It's the most ridiculous plan I ever heard of. You want to go to Crystal Hill and help Clive? Why, don't you suppose Clive has troubles enough without having two bouncing young brothers and a sister to support?"

"I'm fourteen, Mother." Max made himself as tall as he could. "And you said yesterday that Rose could make as good bread as yours. If we go to live with Clive we intend to pay our way."

Rose had whisked that tear out of sight by this time, and she looked quite grown up for thirteen as she added:

"You could give up these rooms if we went away, Mammie; that would save a lot. And Mrs. Brant says she wants you to come and live at her house while you sew spring clothes for all the children. Clive does need somebody to get his breakfast for him, too, and to make hot cocoa when he comes in all cold and wet from digging in that mine of his."

"He owns the house, so there wouldn't be any rent to pay," finished Max.

"I can pick up chips and pine cones in the pasture to keep the fire going," announced Terry.

They could see by Mother's face that she was beginning to think better of their plan. When Daddy was alive they had all lived on a farm, so they knew how to get along in the country. And taking care of a family in the city was serious business, as Mother had found out.

"We can't go on much longer this way," she said half to herself. "If I thought you wouldn't be a burden to Clive! I do worry about that boy getting along in that old house with nobody to do for him. Anyway, you could keep the place warm for him to come home to, and you'd never be all alone there, because Mrs. Pinney still stays in her two rooms."

Mrs. Pinney was the old lady of whom Clive had bought the house and farm at Crystal Hill. She had bargained to stay there till it came settled going in the spring, but she was not taking any care of Clive. He was camping out by himself in the kitchen and adjoining rooms while he tried to work the feldspar mine on his new property.

Clive was the oldest son of the Jumper family—twenty-two. He had been working for wages since he was sixteen and had managed to save quite a sum of money. When he had a chance to buy the old place at Crystal Hill at an astonishingly low price he had put every penny of his savings into the venture.

"It will make a home for us all, Mother, one of these days," he had urged. "If there isn't any good feldspar on it we can work the land and live on what we raise. But Crystal Hill is a great old place, I tell you! The fellow that leased a mine over the other

side of the ridge got tons of good rock and ran into a pocket of gems that paid for his place."

Mother Jumper had said not a word to discourage her big boy. Anyway, his money would be safe if he put it into land. She had let him have her own small roll of savings to pay for the men and machinery he had to have in order to begin working the mine last fall. But she had held fast to her own work in the city, which was making children's clothes. She and the three younger children were getting along in a few poor rooms which, cheap as they were, could be paid for only by pinching.

"There!" she sighed at last as she thought it over. "I'm going to squeeze out the money for your fares and let you go and try it."

"You needn't squeeze a cent," declared Max. "There's our Christmas money we haven't spent yet—five dollars apiece from Cousin Howard. Two apiece will get us to Crystal Hill and the rest will help provide for us after we get there. Didn't I tell you we were going to pay our way from the start?"

An hour later they were trying hard not to feel forlorn as they locked the door of their rooms and gave the key to the woman on the floor below. Mother had already gone to Mrs. Brant's, after packing the big trunk with their oldest clothes, and all the flour, sugar, and other supplies they happened to have on hand—it wasn't much, but it would help a little when they got to Crystal Hill.

"We've never liked it here." Rose dropped her voice as they looked back at the house they were leaving. "But then, we had Mother."

"Well," rejoined Max, "at Crystal Hill we'll have Clive. We haven't seen the old chap for six months."

The train for their new home went from a little old station at the far end of the city. It took them across miles of snow-covered country, past villages and farm lands, till it left them at a small station at the foot of a great low hill which seemed to be made up mostly of sheep pasture and other rough lands with a farmhouse dotted in here and there. They found a team which would take them up to the "old Pinney place," as Clive's farm was still called. The driver was an elderly man with long legs, long whiskers, and a long name—Fotheringay with "Captain" before it. But he was as short of speech as he was long in other ways and seemed a discouraging sort of person, on the whole.

"Mines up here?" he repeated in answer to their questions. "Huh! that's what they call 'em. Here's one a young chap bought last fall." He pointed across the slope of the hill. "Name's Jumper, and he's living up to it as far as work goes. Expected to make a fortune right off, he did, out of a mess o' rocks. Lucky he ain't got any family to be a drag on him. Guess they'd all starve in a bunch."

They had not told Captain Fotheringay who they were, and after this they hardly felt like explaining. Rose asked Max in a whisper why they couldn't get out and walk the rest of the way so as to have a peep at

Clive and his mine. Of course he would be there at work.

They let the team go on with the trunk to the old house which the Captain had pointed out a little higher up the hill. They picked their way through the snow to the place which he had said was the mine, and then they stood and stared in a puzzled way.

"I thought a mine was a great deep hole going down a mile or two into the ground," exclaimed Rose; "but this is only a hollow in the side of the hill and men working in it with picks. Why, we could go in ourselves, and walk all round."

"Better not, though," advised Max; "they might be getting ready to set off a blast. I can see Clive over there and he's as busy as a kitten in a gale of wind. He won't want us bothering round, so we must just scoot for that old house without letting him know we are here."

Their brother was at the other side of the rocky hollow where some kind of machinery was pounding away. His back was toward the three youngsters who stood peeping down from the bushes. They got away quietly and were soon knocking at the door of the old house.

"Looks as if nobody had lived here for fifteen years," muttered Max. "Mrs. Pinney must be one of the kind that doesn't stir around much."

Then as the door opened they saw the reason of Mrs. Pinney's not stirring around. She was a very old woman and so lame that she could only get across the floor with the help of a crutch.

"Land sake!" was all she said when they told her who they were. "Whatever will that poor boy think when he gets home to-night? Well, he can't lay it to me. Now these two end rooms are mine and the rest of the house belongs to you."

She beckoned them inside and then hobbled away. They heard her door shut with a click.

"What a snappish old woman!" muttered Rose. "Calling Clive 'poor boy' because his own brothers and sister have come to live with him! And oh my, what a *looking* room!"

The room into which they had come by the ell door was the kitchen. There was an old rusty cookstove, some chairs, and a table which Clive had bought along with the house. Mrs. Pinney had thrown in all the things that were too old to sell at the auction of her household goods. The stove was fireless, and covered all over with sticky kettles and frying-pans. The sink was heaped with dishes, and the floor looked as if it had not been swept since the house was built.

"He gets up at daylight and bolts off to the mine, chewing a flapjack or something," explained Max. "Of course a fellow wouldn't get time to clear up a kitchen when he is expecting to find a pocket of tourmalines any minute. I'll get some wood first, and Terry, you find some pails. The head cook will want a lot of water from the well."

They got the fire going and filled all the kettles. There was some time yet before dark and they must make the most of it.

It was snowing when Clive came up the path to the kitchen door in the dusk. His coat was soggy with wet, and his feet felt as if they were frozen into his boots, standing so long in the damp snow. He had worked till even his young bones ached, and he was—well, "hungry" was no name for it! And he expected to have to stumble around in the





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

HINGHAM, MASS.,  
127 South Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old and I have gone to the Unitarian Sunday school ever since I was five years old. Our minister's name is Rev. Houghton Schumacher. Our parish worker is Mr. Johnson. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and do the Enigmas. I think the Enigmas are great fun. I love to make them myself. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club.

My teacher's name is Miss Walker and our class name is the Schumacher Class.

This morning it was 38° in the Sunday school room and so Mr. Johnson let us out early. And when I got home I did everything in the Recreation Corner, and I am sending them in. Last Wednesday night we had a Christmas Party and every one of us got something. Each class got different things. Our class got the book "The Girls of Dickens." It is a fine book. I have read four or five chapters.

Our school opens January 7.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH HOYT.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.,  
39 Edgell Road.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. We are learning about Abraham. I like *The Beacon* very much and I want to be a member of the Beacon Club. I have two brothers.

Yours truly,

MARY ADAMS SCOTT.

dark in that old kitchen, getting a fire and something to eat, he had no idea what,—more flapjacks, he supposed.

With his head down to keep the stinging flakes out of his eyes he had flung the door wide open before he saw that there was a light inside. Then he stood and stared like a bewildered owl. The old room was bright with lamplight and warm with the good fire that sparkled in the clean stove. The table was set with a white cloth and clean dishes, and he was sure he could smell beef stew. Rose had made biscuit and was heaping a plate with great squares of warm gingerbread, while the boys were on the floor feeding the kitten, a poor little half-starved thing which Clive had found in the road.

The elder brother looked at all this, and then he whistled.

"Seems to be a gang of housebreakers, Smut," he said to the kitten. "But we won't bother to go for the police till after supper."

(To be continued.)

## Sunday School News.

THE following letter indicates vigorous life in the Sunday school at Bernardston, Mass.:

My Dear Miss Buck,—I'm writing this to tell you what our Bernardston Sunday school is doing. Our membership has increased the past year. Miss Barnard, our pastor, is using the radioticon once a month, to illustrate the lessons. This has proved very interesting. Our penny collections are given regularly to the church, to the Red Cross, to the North Carolina industrial school (we hope to raise ten dollars for this), and one collection each month has been used to purchase something for the church,

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.,  
29 Worcester Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have been watching *The Beacon* and have not seen any letters from my home town, so I will start and maybe others will follow.

My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Buzzell, and the minister is Mr. Buzzell.

I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and wish to be a member of the Club so that I may wear the pin to Sunday school.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY LORD.

Yarmouthville, Me.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old. I attend the Unitarian church and Sunday school. I am in the seventh grade in school. My minister is Rev. John Paige. I have *The Beacon* every Sunday. I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Yours truly,

FREDERICK KYLE.

New members in Massachusetts are Beatrice Huckins, Ashby; Arthur Thompson, Boston (a member of the Second Church Sunday school); Helen L. Peterson and Velma E. Taylor, Brant Rock; Marion Cowan, Dorchester; Georgiana Madison, Hingham; Alice and William Bennett, Jamaica Plain; Lillian Olsen, Kingston; Muriel Kew, North Easton; Doris White, Silver Lake.

first, a bookmark for the Bible, then a window-shade, and recently, an honor roll for the vestibule. We also gave a Christmas packet for the soldiers.

At Christmas, the children gave a cantata ("The Heart of the Bells"). We had a tree, and candy, and a general good time, but the children voted to send the money usually spent for gifts to the Armenian children.

Our children have always had *The Beacon*, or *Every Other Sunday* as it was once called.

Sincerely,

Mrs. GRACE L. WYATT.

An attractive leaflet has been sent out by the First Unitarian Society of Schenectady, N.Y., announcing the organization of "A Modern Sunday School" in connection with that church. It is to be a graded school with the curriculum arranged on a scientific basis. The teachers are all trained to teach and are of proved ability in their profession.

## Making Friends.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

A FROWN passed down the street one day,  
And those he met upon the way,  
Forbidding, grim, each shuffled on,  
Nor changed at all their looks forlorn;  
Arriving at his journey's end,  
'Twas found the Frown had made no friend!

That day a Smile tripped down the street,  
And several Frowns she chanced to meet.  
Winsome and kind she was to all,  
When lo! an odd thing did befall,—  
On reaching soon her journey's end,  
Each Frown, she'd found, was fast her friend.  
Her name they'd taken, too, the while,—  
And each, henceforth, behold—was Smile!

## RECREATION CORNER

### ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 5, 8, 9, is an elastic fluid.  
My 3, 4, 8, 12, 1, 6, is a fruit.  
My 1, 15, 4, 13, 2, is a deep ravine.  
My 10, 11, 16, 14 is a suggestion.  
My 7, 11, 9, 10, is a desire.  
My whole is a famous general.

E. MARY HENDRICKSON.

### ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 2, 13, 6, 7, 5, is something that stings our eyes.  
My 8, 14, 5, is a girl's name.  
My 1, 12, 15, is something we sometimes call our papa.  
My 16, 1, 15, is something we sometimes do to numbers.  
My 3, 12, 5, is not a woman.  
My 10, 4, 1, 9, is a dog's name.  
My 11, 16, 5, 8, 9, 13, is something the soldiers use in war-time.  
My whole is a big country.

MARY E. SOUTHWICK.

### TWISTED ALLIES.

- |                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1. Tediun Ttssea. | 6. Mblguci.   |
| 2. Gdeanln.       | 7. Bsrica.    |
| 3. Acefnr.        | 8. Tnneoomgr. |
| 4. Sraisu.        | 9. Anarioum.  |
| 5. Yitla.         | 10. Napaj.    |

ERIK HOFMAN.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. Is used in languages.
2. Is a scent.
3. Is a fragrant flower.
4. Is the last name of an actor.

JAMES T. CARTER.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. I have six letters and am to be taken hold of. Change my head and I give light.
2. I have four letters and am a bundle for the back. Change my head and I go without. Again and I am a bag; again and I am a boy's name; again and I am a small nail.
3. I have three letters and am a place for repose. Change my head and I am a color.
4. I have three letters and am a wager. Change my head and I am very black.

The Myrtle.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 18.

ENIGMA XXXVI.—John Greenleaf Whittier.

ENIGMA XXXVII.—"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Wheat, heat, eat. Blend, lend, end. Skill, kill, ill.

TWISTED PRESIDENTS.—1. Cleveland. 2. Van Buren. 3. Harrison. 4. Buchanan. 5. Roosevelt. 6. Wilson. 7. Jefferson. 8. Garfield. 9. Washington. 10. Johnson.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON